

A DEATH SERMON.

St. Andrew's Church Crushed by a
Falling Wall.

AGONIZING SCENES.

Five Persons Killed and About
Fifty Wounded.

A DEATH TRAP.

The Murderous Panic—Men, Women
and Children Trampled to Death.

THE STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE.

Dead and Wounded at the Hospital
and Station House.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Poignant Grief of the Relatives and Friends
of the Victims.

A terrible and fatal accident occurred last night at the Catholic Church of St. Andrew while the congregation were assembled for the penitential service of the Lenten season. In the midst of the service the wall of an adjacent house fell, crushing in the roof of the church, and killing and wounding a large number of the congregation. A panic immediately ensued; and in the wild rush of the people to save their lives, men, women and children were trampled to death. From the accounts we publish it seems that a good deal of the responsibility of this catastrophe must be laid at the door of the Department of Buildings. Had the officials done their duty the unsound wall, which has caused such regrettable loss of life, would have long since been removed; but with the recklessness or carelessness which so distinguish officials in this city whose duty it is to secure the public safety, this wall was allowed to stand, with what terrible results we now know.

THE CHURCH
is an unpretentious brick building, situated on the corner of Duane street and City Hall place. It nestles in sheer humility beside the tall building lately occupied by Mr. J. Shaw, a dealer in crockery ware, which separates it from Sweeney's Hotel. Some time ago this many-storied building caught fire, but apparently was not sufficiently damaged to render the taking down of the walls absolutely necessary. It is very probable that the matter was never sufficiently inquired into; for though the walls appeared bulged, the reconstruction of the interior portions of the house was proceeded with. The house remained in an unfinished state up to yesterday evening, when it was destined to play so sad a part in the impending tragedy.

At the time the fire occurred in the premises of Mr. Shaw some apprehension existed in the mind of the pastor of the church from the proximity of the charred walls, but this feeling of insecurity died away as time progressed, and the condition of the neighboring house was forgotten. It remains to be explained how the Department of Buildings so failed in their duty as to allow the wall to stand, and the public have a right to demand that this matter should be strictly examined into and the blame put upon the shoulders of the officials upon whose heads must rest the responsibility for the heavy loss of life which resulted from their failure to perform their duty. Last night the congregation of St. Andrew's assembled for the Lenten exercises prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church for this period of contrition and satisfaction. Thirteen hundred persons of all ages were gathered in the humble church, and there was nothing to warn them of the dread fate that was about to descend on them.

THE ROSARY OF THE VIRGIN
had been devoutly repeated by the assembled worshippers, and Father Carroll, of St. Stephen's, was engaged exhorting his hearers to repentance and contrition. The congregation, reverently silent, listened to the impassioned words of the preacher. Outside the storm came down, and windy gusts swept over the buildings of the city, but within the church all was peace and quiet. The preacher had selected for his theme a solemn subject only too appropriate to the sad scenes he was destined to witness. "Death and the necessity for preparation" was his theme, and the truth of his argument was on the point of receiving an illustration so terrible that the lesson must have startled the teacher. With fervid eloquence the priest held up to view the uncertainty of life and the pressing need there was to be prepared to meet judgment. "Examine your conscience," he exclaimed, "for God alone knows if you are prepared to meet Him." At that moment a heavy gust of wind struck the church, and the weakened wall gave way. A mass of brick and mortar

FELL WITH A CRASH
through the roof of the church, crushing to death and terribly wounding a number of people in the right hand gallery. A cry of terror arose from the frightened congregation, and, losing all presence of mind, they rushed from their seats to escape the impending doom. Those in the gallery who were near by where the mass of brick fell in, rushed for the narrow stairway, knocking it up, and with the madness of despair struggled to escape from the building, which their imagination pictured as about to tumble down and bury all in the ruins. Others, bolder in their frenzy, jumped over the balustrade into the pews beneath, and so the terror was communicated from one to another until the whole congregation joined in a wild stampede, in which the strong used their strength to preserve their own lives with the

SUPREMACY OF HUMANITY.
The majority of the congregation was composed of women and children, and was naturally subject to sudden terror. As in the

of casualties we find that nearly two-thirds of those injured are women, with some boys and girls. In the rush from the galleries two women and a boy were killed—thrown down and trampled to death by the escaping people. With such awful suddenness did these events transpire that even the assistants were scarcely conscious how the fright or how the outburst from the church began. The startled cries of women and children were unheeded and the weak went down with their prayer for help unheeded in the blind impulse which urged every human being to escape from out of reach of the crumbling walls. Women, pale with fear and breathless with excitement, gasped out a prayer for aid and sank exhausted to be

TRAMPLED TO DEATH
In the rush of the panic stricken. In vain the devoted priest from the pulpit appealed to the people to be calm and keep their seats. They heard nothing but the wild promptings of their fears. Here and there the few gallant men that ever rise with occasion, exhorted their less firm brethren to have courage and not to add to the horror of the situation by giving way to blind fear. These exhortations were made in vain, and the mad rush continued with fatal result. Over fifty persons were crushed by the falling walls or thrown down and trampled upon by the fleeing crowd; and when the church was cleared of the panic-stricken people, the victims were thickly strewn about, some with life still remaining. Others had already passed into the presence of the Being they had assembled to worship. It was a heartrending sight. Aid was promptly given to the sufferers, and the priests glided about among the wounded, giving

THE LAST CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION
to those who were conscious. The police and firemen were on hand with their usual promptness. Some of the wounded were at once removed to Sweeney's Hotel, where the reading room was placed at the disposal of the sufferers. Here two of the victims succumbed. Others were carried directly to the Park Hospital, where every attention was paid to the injured. The scenes in the hospital were heartrending. Many of the victims were almost unrecognizable, trampled out of human shape. Old and young who had relatives in the congregation thronged to the scene of the catastrophe, anxiously inquiring after missing relatives. Some of the scenes enacted would touch a heart of stone, and to a late hour last night the hospital doors were besieged by crowds of anxious inquirers. According to the latest accounts five persons had succumbed and two were not expected to survive till morning. In addition some thirty wounded persons were brought to the hospital, many of them grievously injured. Those whose wounds were slight were conveyed to their homes, and we have, therefore, no means of discovering how many persons were injured. It is, however, to be hoped that the list we publish in another column includes all who have sustained serious injury.

THE HORROR DESCRIBED.
A congregation of devout people, mainly women, seated listening with pious reverence to the words of a priest who discoursed on the uncertainty as to the time at which death would arrive to end their lives. This was the scene in St. Andrew's church at twenty minutes past eight o'clock last night. There was no sound within the church but the measured tones of the clergyman's voice and the occasional evidence given by some emotional listener that the admonitions of the reverend speaker were reaching his or her heart. There could be no other sense in the minds of the listeners than that of present security. They were assembled for worship in an edifice consecrated to the service of the Almighty, and though the remarks of their spiritual teacher might have awakened fears of death coming with suddenness upon them, after they had left the church, those declarations could not impair their faith that, supplicants as they were before the mercy seat, naught could work them harm. The Lenten services were drawing to a close, and the Rev. Father Carroll, of St. Stephen's church, was near the end of his discourse on "The necessity to be prepared for the advent of death at any moment."

He had pictured the misery of those human beings who die, their souls being laden with sin; he had implored his hearers to shun vice, that they might not be surprised in its midst by the fall upon them of the palsy hand of death; and he had pressed upon his hearers the necessity for them to keep watch upon their consciences, so that they should know when they were guilty of sin. At the moment he was beginning to speak the words which are quoted below, a sudden gust of wind swept over the church and thrilled everything that it struck. It shook the sashes of the windows on City Hall place until they rattled. It dashed raindrops there were falling, against the glass, and made them a new aid in the strange tattoo. But nobody within the church felt the least disturbed by the sounds of the commotion outside. They were completely under the control of the reverend speaker. His words were those of warning, and they could not be listened to carelessly. While the gust of wind howled and shook everything in the street, Father Carroll was saying, "Oh! examine your conscience at this moment. Look at them with the eye guided and made sharp by the sense of truth and sincerity. God now knows whether or not you are

PREPARED TO MEET HIM."
He concluded as the wind ceased its raving; but the sound of his last word was almost overcome by sharp, snap-like noises that came from the roof of the gallery at the east side of the church. At the same time a shower of small pieces of plaster pattered upon the startled occupants of that section of the edifice. These people had not time to rise from their seats ere a rushing noise and then a thunderous crash occurred. The horrified people in the body of the church and in the other gallery had not time to see what had occurred when the sounds were repeated, and there was a veil of thick dust raised over the gallery which obscured it from view.

THE MAD STRIFE TO GET OUT.
But only the coolest, the most courageous of the members of the congregation saw this. All others made a wild rush for the outlets of the church. The scene became one of the most startling character. In their mad haste to escape a threatening danger—whence it came they did not know—the people plunged toward the street. They caught hold of each other impulsively, and mutually delayed one another. In the galleries they fought fiercely on their way to the narrow staircases that led down to the vestibule, and in their eagerness two or three would wedge themselves immovably between the sides of the staircases. There they would remain until the gathered force of the many behind dislodged them violently and threw them headlong down the awful descent. Thus they would strike their predecessors, and, if not overtaken themselves, would knock the latter to the door. Once down no one could arise until the senseless and pitiless mob had passed over and trampled upon and had kicked their bodies into more or less horrid shapes than ever the Combrancios devised. In the first moments of the rush from the church the vestibule became crowded with people, and the masses on the staircases could not move. Those people at the foot of the right hand

staircase became jammed between the wall and a shield of wood meant to be a guard at the outer side of the stairway. This shield was fragile and could not resist the pressure of the rushing mass of humanity. It soon gave way and the panic stricken people pressed against it, and fell with it to the ground. About the same time the exit from the right hand side of the church was enlarged by the opening of one of the doors, which had hitherto been locked. For a moment there was a slight freedom for action on the part of those who were upright, and they rushed with a fierce, surging movement for the street. The poor people who were prostrate were run over, and they pulled down some of their tramps with despairing clutch, and they who had a moment before been among the triumphant, now became components of the human mosaic pavement, over which the selfish and the senseless went sturdily. Of the many people who went down before the immense force of the crowd not a one was injured. Two of them were picked up dead—two women—and a boy who was taken out of the mass and removed to his home, died almost as soon as he reached there. His name was Thomas Feeny; he was aged thirteen years, and resided at No. 19 City Hall place.

All of the horrors described that have hitherto been described occurred on the staircases or in the vestibule.
IN THE CHURCH
the actions of the people were various and cannot all be pictured. Every face in the edifice was stamped with the marks of fear. Few knew what had occurred. Those who did not know were horrified by the interruption of their devotions and fled without discovering what had excited their sense of dread. Their steps were hurried by the incitement which they received from the moaning and groaning of the people in the gallery who were hurt. Beside these incitements the few courageous men, who saw that all danger was over, and who wished to still the tumult, added others with their cries for "Order." Roundsman Patrick T. Muddoon, of the Twenty-sixth precinct, who was at the service, was one of the few courageous people in the church. He called out, asking the crowd to stop, but his words, if they were heard by the people, were soon lost in a cry of alarm. Fathers Curran and Carroll also retained their coolness and implored the people to be still, as there was no more danger. But the maddened people would not stop nor stay. If there had been a barrier of brass shutting them in from the street they would have thrown themselves against it, and have beaten and berated it, as they were being crushed to death against it. Inferno can have no scenes more appalling than those that were seen in St. Andrew's church last night. The occupants of the galleries, who saw the staircases blocked, in frenzy sought to reach the main floor of the church. They either threw themselves in desperate recklessness over the balustrades of the galleries or let themselves down until their hands only clung to the palms, and then fell to the pews. For some moments the sides of the galleries were strung with men, women and children, unheeded by their hands. The few men who knew what they were about caught some of these reckless people and kept them comparatively free from injury. Yet not a tithe of them could be thus rescued. Still, it is a strange fact that very few of those who got into the body of the church from the galleries in the way described were seriously hurt, so far as can be ascertained. As soon as they reached the floor they ran eagerly to join the struggling masses or mobs that clogged all the outlets. Many of them ran toward the vestry, to escape by the stairway that winds from that room into a small basement hall, which has a door opening into an area below the grade of City Hall place. But this stairway was clogged, and the crowd filled the vestry and the approach to it. In their desperation many people raised the window sashes, and jumped into the area that has been described, the pavement of which is about ten feet below the window ledges. It is not known that any persons were thus made their exit from the church were hurt dangerously. The example of jumping out of the window was set by an old man, who, though almost crazed with fear, yet had method in his madness. When he entered the vestry, the stairway running from it was crowded with men, women and children, who struggled ineffectually—who could not extricate themselves from the tangle into which their hands, feet and bodies had got. This desperate, frenzied old man, did not deliberate, he added his force to the attempt at dislodging the mob from the stairway. He was inspired as soon as he had entered the vestry and seen the dilemma of his predecessors. A heavy wooden money box was standing beneath the window. The old man picked it up, and hurled it through the vestry window. It carried away every pane of glass except one, which ran down one side of the sash. The glass was taken out very cleanly, and an aperture of about two feet and a half long and two feet wide was made, through which the old man bounded. He went out with force, and struck on the stone stairs that ran up from the area to the grade of City Hall place. He alighted on one knee, and one foot, and arose quickly and ran down City Hall place. The passage from the vestry into the street was speedily made clear and there was nobody hurt badly in the crash therein.

The story that is told above is not exaggerated for effect upon the minds of readers about the awful close of last night's religious ceremonies in St. Andrew's church. It is faithful to the statements made to the writer by men who saw all that passed during that short series of struggles for escape from unknown or misconceived danger. Short, indeed, was the series of struggles, but they comprehended and gave play to the most devastating passion of mankind—the passion that is produced by the desire to retain life oneself, though many others perish. The following story of the events of the night was told by the Rev. Father Curran about the beginning, continuance and close of the horrible accident, or series of accidents, in the church of which he is pastor. It has been said before that Father Curran did all he could do to stem the tide of flight of the frenzied people. He understood from the moment of the first crash what had occurred, but was not appalled by it. At the time of the accident he was sitting at the right hand side of the altar—that is, to the left of Father Carroll, who was speaking to, and of course, facing the congregation. That part of the right gallery into which the debris fell after the first crash was immediately behind Father Curran's chair, and some of the plaster, lathing or bricks, bounding from the ledge of the gallery balcony, struck his chair and broke its mahogany back from it. The escape of the reverend gentleman from instant death is marvellous. He did not seem to think of himself, or of the danger through which he had passed, during or after the occurrence among the people in the church, and when all the terrible scenes of strife in the church were over he moved among the wounded, giving them the last offices of their faith. His duties were so numerous that his remarks to the reporters had to be brief.

FATHER CURRAN'S STATEMENT.
The Rev. Father Curran was found in the church subsequent to the accident, his clothes covered with lime, which had fallen upon him when the wall gave way. In response to the interrogatories of our reporter he made the following statement:—
"You see, sir, as usual we were holding the Lenten service. I was officiating, and the time of the accident I was seated in my chair. You can see the narrow escape that I had. (Father Curran here showed the reporter the remains of the chair upon which he had been seated.)
Father Carroll was at the time engaged in preaching the regular Lenten sermon, when suddenly I heard a rumbling kind of noise, accompanied by a terrible crash. I immediately jumped up, and looking toward the gallery, I discovered that the east wall of the church had given way. Immediately the church became filled with the people

ing cries of the injured men, women and children, and those who escaped bodily injury began jumping over the gallery upon the floor below. The main body, however, made a rush for the door. I immediately called out to those in the opposite gallery to keep their seats as I feared that they would also rush headlong for the door and thereby cause a greater loss of life. I consider my own escape a marvellous affair."

SCENES AT SWEENEY'S HOTEL.
A member of the Herald staff was sitting last evening in the parlor on the ground floor of Sweeney's Hotel, between eight and nine o'clock, when suddenly a cry was raised by the female domestic servants in the laundry, which adjoined the parlor, that the "house was coming down." The servants, with

TERROR AND CONSTERNATION
depicted in their faces, rushed into the parlor, which at the moment was filled with guests, some of them reading and others engaged in conversation. The guests, starting to their feet with the utmost alacrity, ran toward the laundry to ascertain what was the cause of the commotion. There was heard a rushing of water, as if it came from an overflowing tank or from bursting pipes.

The reporter heard the noise which produced the consternation. It was like a rush of wind followed by a distant peal of thunder. The guests looked at each other in amazement, the servants were mute with fear and everybody seemed to think that

SOMETHING TERRIBLE
had occurred. And, indeed, the result shows that one of the most awful calamities that has ever happened in this city had just taken place. In a few minutes Mr. Daniel Sweeney, the proprietor of the hotel, entered the parlor and stated that he knew what had occurred, that the wall, or a portion of the wall, of the crockery store, belonging to Mr. Shaw and adjoining the hotel, had fallen down, and that this was the cause of the noise which had so much frightened the servants and dismayed the guests. This crockery store was burned about the 12th of last month. The roof was nearly all destroyed and several of the joists were completely gutted. Mr. Shaw, within the past week, has had men employed repairing his store, and they had put in or were about to put in large joists to replace those that had been destroyed by the fire. To make those joists it was necessary to fasten the joists in the side walls of the store.

While the guests and the servants of the hotel were all mingled together in the greatest possible confusion a cry was uttered in the street that the western wall of the crockery store had fallen on the roof of the Catholic Church of St. Andrew, which adjoins the store in question, and that, smashing in the roof, the debris came down on the gallery of the church.

KILLING AND WOUNDING.
Several persons who had assembled there to attend to their Lenten devotions.

This sad cry proved to be too true. Instantly the space in front of the hotel became filled with

EXCITED PEOPLE.
As yet they had not realized the full extent of the deplorable accident; but when they saw policemen coming from the doors of the church and bearing in their arms

WOUNDED MEN AND WOMEN,
they became convinced that a calamity of no ordinary character had happened. Two women, with their faces covered with blood and bruised about the body and arms, were taken into the hotel and placed on seats. Mr. Sweeney, with great consideration and kindness, dispatched a messenger to the Park Hospital for a doctor, and then ordered brandy and water as restoratives for the wounded women. While the bystanders were wondering what might possibly be the extent of the deplorable accident, two other women were brought by the police to the parlor of the hotel. It was quite evident that their wounds were of a severe, if not fatal nature, for they spoke not a word, uttered not a sigh; in fact, they were almost dead when they were removed from the church. They were placed on chairs in the hotel parlor, and expired in about three minutes after.

A SOLEMN, DREADFUL SILENCE
ensued. It was a moment of crushing anguish, of excruciating pain. Strong men looked sadly at each other, shed copious tears, and exclaimed, "Oh God, this is dreadful!" One of the poor creatures whose life had been so suddenly terminated was a marriage ring. She was rather a good-looking woman, probably the wife of some honest laborer or mechanic, the mother of affectionate children, who had gone to her place of worship to pray for her husband and her little ones—to beg of God that their lives and her own might be long preserved from trials and danger. Alas! she little knew how soon her own end was to come—now soon her

LAST OF LIFE
was to be extinguished amid the crash and confusion of a most disastrous and deplorable accident. The pallor of death soon overspread her face. She lay on the floor of the room, and close near her was a young woman who did not appear to have suffered much. She was quite dead. There were no wounds apparent on her face or hands. In all probability she was

TRAMPLED TO DEATH
in her efforts to escape from the church at the moment when terror, consequent upon the crashing of timbers and the falling of bricks into the gallery, caused the people to rush pell-mell to the doors for safety.

Every moment the crowds in the street and in the hotel began to increase. After the lapse of about five minutes another woman was fetched into the hotel by three policemen, who laid her gently down on the floor. She was not able to speak, yet she showed signs of life, but they were weak and flickering, and in a few moments she drew her last breath. She was poorly dressed, and was evidently a person who had lived in the humble walks of life. All this time the spectators looked on awe-stricken and horrified. They could hardly speak a word, for they did not know to what an extent the calamity had gone, and were uncertain as to the moment when the next poor victim might be brought into their presence.

Another poor woman, and in it are brought two more women, cut badly about the head, but they are not fatally injured. Restoratives are applied and they soon recover. Then the scene is changed, and a young man is borne into the room. He is cut much about the face and neck. His wounds are fatal, and he expires almost as soon as he is laid down. He was dressed in plain, dark clothes, somewhat worn.

By directions of Mr. Sweeney, sheets were procured and placed over the bodies of the dead persons, which were removed to one corner of the room, where they lay for some time before being removed by the police.

It was depressing to witness the anxiety of persons who entered the room to ascertain if they could recognize friends among the wounded or dead. An elderly woman, without bonnet or shawl, made her appearance in the apartment in almost a frantic state. The officers were about putting her out when somebody said she came there to see her dead daughter. The officers at once desisted, when the poor woman exclaimed, in tones of melting pity:

"Oh, let me see my poor daughter, my darling child! Oh, for God's sake, do not keep me from my poor child!" and, having uttered these heartrending words, she knelt down over the form of the dead girl, and, seeming not to realize the fact that her child was dead, said, "Speak to me, my sweet daughter! speak to me! Oh, sure you are not dead!"

While this distressing scene was being enacted the spectators held their breath. They seemed to be fastened to the floor with fright, actually incapable of motion. They had been, a few moments before, in a chamber of amusement and comfort; now they stood in the

CHAMBER OF SORROW.
where death spread its pallor, and the wounded were bearing their pains patiently, as the last signs of the dead ascended to that eternal shrine where the lowly and the suffering are ever sure to find mercy and forgiveness. It only requires one to see one such sight as this in a lifetime in order to have it deeply impressed on the memory, and certainly there was no one at Sweeney's Hotel last night but who will for ever remember the deplorable spectacle we have described above.

were most active and energetic in their attention to the wounded. They had the dead treated with the utmost tenderness and respect, and, under the painful circumstances of the case, they acted with noble, Christian feeling.

SCENES AT THE STATION HOUSE.
When the dead were brought into the Sixth precinct station house the scene beggared description. Crowds of men, women and children flocked around the door and prayed for admission that they might see if some friend or relation had passed the dread portal. The kind-hearted officer in charge admitted them a few at a time, and no man made in our common mould could have kept his eyes dry as occasionally some poor woman recognized her son. Poor humanity was put to its worst test, however, when a modest looking girl, of about eighteen years of age, came in and requested to look at the bodies. The second officer shown her she recognized as her husband, and the

FITTING WAIT OF DESPAIR
that went out from her young lips made even the sturdy police bend their heads in reverential awe for a few moments. The poor woman could not be reconciled, her grief was her own, and too sacred and deep for mortals to relieve; but it made one feel kinder toward humanity to see the generous hearts that poured out sympathy for her and the tender care that was used to induce her to leave the station house. One poor fellow, who looked as if his heart was broken, stepped up to her, and in a voice choked with emotion, said: "It's too late now, Maggie, but I'll help you. I'll 'know it, but I can't bear to leave him here." Gentle persuasion, however, finally induced her to go with her friends. Next came an old woman to look for her daughter. She seemed at first afraid to ask the question, but finally asked to be admitted. The first sight that met her eyes as the bodies were uncovered was that of her daughter, Miss Mary G. Connors, aged thirty-seven, of No. 42 Park street. The poor old lady was almost

PARALYZED WITH GRIEF,
and her prayers and lamentations would have moved a heart of stone. The next recognition was that of a young girl who found her father, and the scene was a repetition of the others. Tears were freely shed by all, and prayers to Heaven, that in His mercy none could doubt He will in His own good time answer, were sent up from hearts that last night knew a greater grief than they ever visited as mortal mortals. It is not the death so much, but the "deep damnation of our taking off" that makes the strong grow weak and the heart sick to look upon the mangled remains of those who only a few moments before we have looked upon in the full enjoyment of life and health. It is not yet certain who will have to bear the blame of this fearful accident; but it should be fathomed to the depth. Accidents, if not of this nature, almost as bad, are not of uncommon occurrence in this city, and it is time that something be done to make places of worship and all other places where large bodies of people assemble safe. The following are the names of the dead that were taken to the Sixth precinct station house up to ten o'clock—

Rosa McGlin, aged fifty years, of No. 13 Vandewater street;
Michael McCarthy, of No. 42 Park street;
Mary G. Connors, aged thirty-seven, of No. 42 Park street;
Catherine McGlin, aged fifty, No. 22 City Hall place.
A little boy, aged five years, named Feeny, of No. 19 City Hall place.

Up to the time of our going to press the station house was besieged by an anxious crowd, expecting that before daylight some friend or relative would be brought there dead, as the doctors at the hospital had given the opinion that some of their patients would not live through the night.

AT THE PARK HOSPITAL.
There was presented at the Park Hospital last evening a sight that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Owing to the proximity of the Park Hospital to the scene of the disaster it took but a few minutes to fill the inside of the hospital to repletion with the wounded and dying men, women and children who had been rescued from under the debris in the gallery of the church. As soon as they were brought in the ambulance they were immediately carried up stairs to the different wards, where their sufferings were allayed as much as possible. In a very few minutes an immense crowd of sorrowing friends of the injured assembled in and around the hospital, and their number kept constantly increasing. They implored, begged and prayed of the policeman on duty at the door to "please let them in." "Oh! Mister Policeman," cried an agonized mother, "my little son is killed; my darling is killed. Oh! please let me see him just once!" The policeman, unable to discriminate between those who really had relatives and friends and those who had not, were compelled to succumb to their appeals and in so doing admitted quite a number of sightseers and curiosity mongers, who were only in the way. Dr. Hull, the house surgeon of the hospital, however, on ascertaining this fact, disposed of them in an emphatic and summary manner by ordering the police on duty to escort them out of doors.

The priests attached to St. Peter's and St. Andrew's churches were ubiquitous, and attended to the dying as best they could.

In the inner room of the hospital a most pitiable sight was presented. Reclining upon one of the hospital beds lay a poor young girl, hardly sixteen years of age, named Mary Jane Martin. She appeared to be suffering from internal injuries of a terrible character, and being totally unconscious, she was unable to state the extent of her injuries, except by giving expression to groans of a most agonizing character. Her countenance wore an expression akin to agony. Her father, mother and sisters knelt at her bedside, and while they kept constantly saying prayers in a loud tone for the recovery of their dear one, they were unable to restrain their tears, and at every gasp which was given by the dying girl their grief became more and more violent. The mother leaned over upon her daughter's breast and begged her in piteous tones to speak.

"ONLY ONCE, DEAR MARY,
please, oh, please, to speak to me! Don't you know me, darling?" In another bed lay a poor little fellow named Denis Hilly. Poor Denis was at the time of the accident seated in the gallery, near the altar, and was struck on the head by some hard substance, causing concussion of the brain. He was unable to communicate with any one, being in a state of delirium caused by his injuries. His father was at his bedside and tried hard to have his boy recognize him, but the poor fellow was unable to do so. The grief of the father was terrible in the extreme. "Oh, my poor boy," he exclaimed, "Oh, speak to me and I will never again say a cross word to you. Oh, Denis, don't you know me?" The father finally became so overcome with grief that it was necessary to call him away. In the upstairs ward, which is set aside for the reception of women, was found a young girl named Kate Hutton, aged twenty years, and residing at No. 13 Jacob street. Previous to the falling in of the roof she was seated about the centre of the gallery in one of the front pews. She remembered clearly when she first heard the rushing of the wall and the subsequent fall. She felt something hit her upon the head, and in a very few minutes she became conscious of the fact that she was

LYING UNDER A LARGE RAFTER,
and bleeding copiously from a terrific wound in the head, on being brought to the hospital it was found that she had received a scalp wound four inches in length. Very little hope is entertained of her recovery.

On the bed immediately opposite lay a little boy and girl, neither one of them being more than ten years of age. The girl was named Martha Mullen, and resides at No. 31 Park street. She was suffering from the shock and fright. She was subsequently removed to her home by her mother. The boy, however, whose name is Patrick Fay, and resides at No. 46 Elm street, fared far worse, having been struck upon the head by a piece of a rafter, and is suffering from concussion of the brain. He was unable to speak or to recognize his mother, who sat at his bedside whispering to

him words of endearment, which he, unhappily, was unable to appreciate.

PATRICK LAVELLE'S ACCOUNT.
On a cot in the further corner of the reception room lay a young man in the full vigor of life named Patrick Lavelle, aged twenty-two, and residing at No. 22 City Hall place. He had been struck in the back by one of the falling rafters and suffered from a fracture of the spine. He remembered everything connected with the accident, and thus portrayed it to our reporter:—"You see, sir, I went to church to attend to my Lenten duties, and, as I generally do, I took a seat in the gallery. Father Carroll was preaching, and he had just said, 'You do not know how soon you may be called upon,' when suddenly I heard a rumbling sound followed by a crash, and the next minute I found myself buried under the ruins of the wall, which had fallen in. A large rafter struck me in the middle of the back, and, I tell you, sir, it's awful." The poor fellow told his story in a manner which could not help but make an impression and create sympathy. The mother of Lavelle, Mrs. Catherine McGuinness, who attended church with her son last evening,

WAS KILLED OUTRIGHT.
But this fact was concealed from the poor fellow, who kept continually asking his friends at his bedside to go and tell his mother.

Elizabeth Farley, aged twenty-eight, of No. 88 Greenwich street, was found to be suffering from a terrible scalp wound and a fracture of the thigh. She stated that she was trampled upon in trying to make her escape from the building and fell at the foot of the stairs leading from the gallery. She stated, moreover, that the crowd jumped upon her and almost killed her. She remembers distinctly that she was not lying upon the floor, but that she fell upon a dead person, who had been previously trampled upon, and remained there until carried out of the building.

The surgeons on duty at the Park Hospital were unflinching in their efforts to assist and aid those who were unfortunately intrusted to their care. Drs. Hull, Gelman, Smith, Becker and Amable, attended to every one who was brought into the hospital, and as soon as was possible despatched the greater number to Bellevue, where they can receive better attention.

NAMES OF THE DEAD.
Connors, Mary G., 47, 42 Park street.
Feeny, Thomas, 14, 19 City Hall place.
McCarthy, Michael, 40, 42 Park street.
McGlin, Catherine, 50, 22 City Hall place.
McGlin, Rosa, 40, 13 Vandewater st.

NAMES OF THE WOUNDED.
As far as could be ascertained the following is a list of the wounded that were taken care of by the police and removed to the Park Hospital, though many others were wounded and taken home by their friends:—

Name. Age. Residence.
Baptist, Catherine, 18, 125 Roosevelt st.
Cavanagh, Ellen, 40, 50 Roosevelt st.
Cawdon, Edward, 35, 30 Bayard st.
Cunningham, Peter, 27, 13 Greenwich st.
Donovan, Thomas, 33, 75 Madison st.
Donovan, Ellen, 22, 75 Madison st.
Derrit, Charles, 63, 33 Chambers st.
Dempsey, Mary, 65, 18 Madison st.
Fay, Patrick, 10, 46 Elm st.
Farley, Elizabeth, 28, 88 Greenwich st.
Freel, Lizzie, 22, 78 Frankfort st.
Griffin, Jerry, 8, 13 Oak st.
Haley, Dennis, 10, 328 Water st.
Hutton, Kate, 20, 13 Jacob st.
Kehoe, Mary, 40, Corner Cedar and Washington sts.

Kehoe, Edward, 40, Cedar st.
Kelly, Ella, 20, 390 Front st.
Lavelle, Patrick, 22, 22 City Hall place.
Martin, Mary Jane, 16, 40 Rose st.
Muller, Martha, 31, 31 Pearl st.
Moore, Mary, 23, 9 Frankfort st.
Mooney, Michael, 25, 75 New church st.
Neal, Mary, 16, 101 Hudson st.
Ring, James, 25, 17 Cherry st.
Spaine, Michael, 35, 15 Roosevelt st.
Quinn, James, 35, 34 City Hall place.
Thibault, Maggie, 25, 44 Pearl st.
Trahan, James, 30, 44 Pearl st.
Spain, Michael, 30, 44 Pearl st.

CAUSE OF THE CATASTROPHE.
The cause of this shocking accident dates back to the 12th of January. On that day Mr. Shaw's crockery store, a six-story brick front building, standing between Sweeney's Hotel and St. Andrew's church and extending by a wing through to Chatham street, caught fire in the basement of the Duane street section. All the floors and the roof were consumed. Great fears were entertained during the progress of the fire for the safety of the church, it being apprehended that the wall on that side, which is separated from the church by a narrow alleyway, might fall, especially if a strong wind should blow from it while it was unsupported by roof and floors. While the fire was raging the weather was intensely cold, so that the water from the hose

FROZE UPON THE STREETS AS IT FELL.
All the day and night the steam engines poured their streams of Croton upon the walls and into the smoking ruin. When they ceased the wall next the church was covered and encased in ice. There is no space between the east wall of this store and the west wall of Sweeney's Hotel, so that there was no danger on that side. Nor was there probability, while the Arctic weather lasted, that the frozen wall next the church would stir from its icy perpendicularity. Meanwhile repairs were begun. Joists and planking were being replaced for the several floors, commencing at the basement. But the upper floors were yet wanting, and the roof was still open. This was the condition of affairs when the recent mid weather and the warm rain of last evening dissolved the icy cement which secured the treacherous wall, and it broke suddenly some ten feet from the top, a section of about twenty feet in length, and fell with resistless force and with such fatal effect upon the church and its congregation of listeners to the sermon on death. Father Carroll had no need of oratorical illustration for his solemn homily. God emphasized it. None of his auditors will ever forget the logic of its catastrophe.

THE BUILDING CONDEMNED.
It was reported last night that the Inspector of Buildings had already condemned Shaw's store as unsafe, and given the requisite notice to the owners to take down or properly secure the damaged wall. In the darkness, storm and confusion of the night it was impossible to fully confirm this statement. Should it prove true, a fearful weight of moral responsibility will be laid by the community to rest upon those who disregarded the official warning which pointed out this fearful death trap.

DIAGRAM OF THE CATASTROPHE.

